FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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As Fellowship in Prayer prepares to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary—in June of 1975 we are reprinting some of the writings of the Fellowship's founder. . . .

THANK GOD FOR FRIENDS

Carl Allison Evans

FRIENDS are a great asset—in one's personal life and in business. Thus it would seem only natural for people to devote a great deal of thought and effort to the forming of friendships and maintaining them.

Friends—true friends—are important to our well-being and happiness, and we are important to theirs. All friends are sharers; close friends share our faith in God, our hope, and our love.

We choose our friends for various reasons—because they think as we do, or because they challenge us to think differently; because we have something to offer them, or they have something to offer us; because they are pleasant to be with, or because they find pleasure in our company; because they have qualities we admire, or because they admire qualities in us.

We make friends for all these reasons. And all are important—for they add to our pleasure in life, to our growth as individuals and as a nation. In return we have the keen joy and satisfaction of giving of ourselves to others.

Friends are important. Let's not neglect them.

"Thank God for friends, who dearer grow as years increase;
Who, as possessions fail our hopes and hands,
Become the boon supreme, than gold and lands
More precious. Let all else, if must be, cease;
But, Lord of life, we pray on us bestow
The gift of friends, to share the way we go."

EDITORIAL

FREEING YOUR BEING OF THE PAINFUL SELF

FINDING OUT that the self is what gets in the way of the health and happiness of your spirit takes years enough and suffering enough and hard thought enough. You'd expect that arriving at this discovery would be the ultimate destination of each of us—the turning-point, the freedom we have sought, the well-deserved reward. Instead, of course, we find it's actually only the beginning of a beginning.

Just staying at this level of understanding is difficult for me to do. To slip back into the old familiar comforts of self—to daydream about "winning out" over reality, for example—is too simple. My struggle just to abide for an hour by my newfound "wisdom" lets me know why Saint Paul recommends that we pray without ceasing. We have to.

But periods come to all of us when we are at our best, when we're strong enough to live by what we understand. And then, as some of you have let me know, there comes to mind the most terribly serious question of all. How, actually, do you go about freeing your being of that old faker and hypocrite, your self?

This is to get down to the common ordinary nuts and bolts of the spiritual life.

My own experience is that it is easiest to rid myself of the self when it is at its most painful, when it feels like a crisis demanding immediate solution, when it smarts as fiercely as a thorn and my spirit goes into a tailspin that feels like a fall into endless nothingness, panics, depressions, thoughts that go round and round in my head until I am ready to die if only from the boredom of them, the relentless montony of the self that will never stop talking about itself. . . .

This self of mine is apt to get so full of itself there is no room in my spirit, head, or heart for any being higher than it supposes it is.

How could there be? This self believes it is ruler of the whole world.

At this moment, moreover, when it is indulging in its wildest fantasies of supremacy, it is most destructive of the spirit... and most painful to me to bear.

Since there is none higher, there is no being to pray to....

To solve this dilemma, I have learned, the wisest move for me to make is to the telephone. Telling someone else about my wretchedness begins to bring relief, slows down the circular thinking, is likely to pull the self down to a level of reality at which its delusions of grandeur cannot operate. Or, if nobody's phone answers (it being three o'clock in the morning), I can take down a book that I know and hold a mental conversation with it, a book being nothing but a person, to begin with—a fact I've realized, I think, ever since I was a child and a bookworm. With my friend Fyodor Dostoevski, or Joseph Conrad, or Colette, or the nameless author of the Book of Psalms, who incidentally knows more about human nature and human neuroses than any other author of my acquaintance, I begin to get back to reality, I begin to accept, I begin to suffer less. The moment is about to materialize when I can begin to pray.

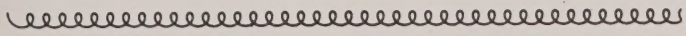
What I am recommending is, first of all, to get out of your self by getting in touch with another human being.

This has been one of my hardest lessons to learn. *Me* need anyone else?

I do.

Maybe more than other people I need others.

But what difference? For others are after all God's reality. They are God talking to me, God helping me, God comforting me, God picking up the phone and answering even at this unheard-of hour of the night. —P.G.



I will be with you, I will not fail you, or abandon you. Be strong and of good courage. Psalm 23

SPIRIT OF HINDUISM

Swami Brahmamayananda

HINDUISM is the oldest living spiritual tradition in the world. It cannot, however, be defined in the way the other major religions can be. It has no one historical founder or prophet, no particular sacred book or canon, no fixed beliefs or practices. Still it embraces all that we mean by religion and also much more.

Viewed externally, Hinduism represents a bewildering mass of religious beliefs and practices and social institutions obtaining among nearly three hundred millions of people of India. Yet an internal unity binds all these into a common whole. A unity of spiritual and moral outlook makes it possible to speak of Hinduism as a definite way of life.

The Hindus themselves do not call their faith or way of life Hinduism. The name is a comparatively recent one given by outsiders. The Hindus call their religion Arsha Dharma, that is to say, the religion founded by the rishis or seers of truth, and Sanatana Dharma, or the perennial religion. Hinduism rests upon a spiritual and moral view of the universe, derived from the spiritual discoveries of certain rishis or seers. The spiritual truths they discovered are recorded in various books, of which the most authoritative and most widely venerated are the *Vedas*. Strictly speaking, the word *Veda* does not mean any book but rather the spiritual knowledge about man, nature, and God that is not accessible to the senses but is revealed in supersensuous experience to saints and prophets. These seers and prophets are born from time to time and they always bear witness to the same fundamental truth.

The basic discoveries of the seers, accepted in common by all the Hindus, may be set forth as follows.

The most characteristic and distinctive contribution of Hinduism is the impersonal conception of Truth. The universe is rooted in the Godhead or Spirit. This world, this variety, this universe is all a manifestation of Spirit, to which no limits can be set. This impersonal Truth can be called God, if by that word we mean all

that personality means and a great deal more. Creation is, therefore, a manifestation of Spirit in name and form. The Hindus believe that creation takes place in cycles; the universe has had an origin and will ultimately be dissolved, and the process goes on forever.

Man is more than a psycho-physical organism—he is Spirit. True progress means an attainment of the soul. The aim of life is to realize the divinity that is within man but lies hidden under a cover of ignorance. The natural man is only an apparent fact; behind the natural man is the Eternal Man, which is ever being confused with its shadow. As Sri Ramakrishna, the modern prophet of Hinduism, says, 'There is inside man the jewel of a man.'

Self-knowledge is thus the goal of life. It is also called *moksha,* or liberation from bondage and limitation of all kinds.

Though *moksha* (liberation) is the final aim, it cannot be achieved at a bound. There are other aims and urges which require prior fulfillment before we can acquire the fitness appropriate for the practice of detachment and contemplation necessary for the realization of the highest Truth. Life is thus a pilgrimage into the heart of the Eternal, and society an arena for moral striving toward the attainment, through service, of man's real status. Suitable material and other conditions are necessary to bring each man in society to the comprehension and realization of Truth. This is the ultimate justification of science and technology, politics, and all other similar activities of civilized society. All men are proceeding, willy nilly, through various kinds of experiences, to the same goal of Freedom. Religion is no more than a conscious and intelligent seeking of the same aim.

Though the highest Truth is one and impersonal, it is conceived of differently by different minds. But no human conception of Truth can contain it, since all conceptions are personal and therefore limited. But the different conceptions are a necessity because different individuals require different ideals, suitable to their need, understanding, and development, for their spiritual progress. This impersonal conception of Truth provides a basis for the religious and cultural harmony, and the spirit of catholicity, tolerance, and charity for which Hinduism is noted. It also

affords a basis for the unity of religions, since all religions are but different ways of approach to the same Truth.

Hinduism is continuously growing. It is not a position but a process. It has been moulding the life of the Hindus for over five thousand years and is still full of vitality. Some of its conceptions are bound to play a great part in the solution of the various conflicts which disturb the peace of the contemporary world.

PAINT A RAINBOW

Jaye Giammarino

Take the blue from out the sea
And paint a placid sky,
With sorry white of Queen Ann's lace
Make clouds come floating by.

Blend the hue of cherry pink
With tender green of spring,
The yellow gold of daffodils
With shade of a blue jay's wing.

Brush the sky with a graceful arch
Of rainbow high above—
The beacon light that manifests
God's undying love.

MEDITATION HOUR

Emma S. McLaughlin

"Be still my child and know."
But in the eye of stillness
there is motion,
twisting, writhing,
groping after light.

In darkness wheels revolve,
circular rainbows,
throwing a shower of sparks
in all directions—
and distant sounds intrude:
a screaming siren, a singing bird,
a chiming clock.

"Be still my child and know."
But a restless swallow tenants
in my breast— dipping, skimming,
darting, gliding— perpetual motion.

I am an urn,
fill me, fill me, fill me.
Fill me with Your bounteous wisdom,
Your comforting presence,
Your everlasting love.

As if in answer to the silent plea
light shatters darkness,
pulsating glory
filling my small vessel,
leaking in golden streams from porous clay.

And yet the voice still speaks,
"Be still and know."
What, Lord? What shall i know?
That light bestowed can never be
contained?

THE GARDEN OF LIFE

Margaret Moore Jacobs

DEAR GOD, then let us go out into our Garden early in the morning in prayer and plant love. And we will grow more beautiful in the noonday sun. And when evening comes to us and the sun goes down on our Life's Garden, may we go out to meet our Master unafraid.

JUST BEING IS REASSURING

Blanche Hoenig

Easter's comfort, as God intends
Eases our fears. When death portends
And metamorphosis impends,

Just being, is reassuring.

At times, when a soft meoldy
Comes from the depths, so hauntingly
It seems sometimes to say to me,

Just being, is reassuring.

And when I look around and see
God's works all planned so perfectly,
The thought then often comes to me,

Just being, is reassuring.

SUNSHINE

Samuel M. Silver

IN the winter we yearn for the sunshine.

In the summer we revel in the sunshine.

There is no doubt that a sunny day is a source of joy and well-being to all of us.

Our temperament is affected by the weather, a favorite topic of conversation.

May I suggest that, important as a bright day is, even more important is inner sunshine.

Inner sunshine comes from the feeling that you have properly expended your talent and energy for some good cause.

Inner sunshine is a product of serving someone and contributing to his satisfaction.

Inner sunshine results from the performance of one's duties in a conscientious and efficient manner.

Inner sunshine can eventuate from the courageous acceptance of someone else's point of view even if it was not originally our own but has become ours because we have been persuaded and we have shown the courage of changing our position.

Inner sunshine can also be the consequence of resisting the temptation of doing something ignoble, the breaking of a bad habit which threatens our health or our relationship with other people, the offering of assistance to someone who urgently needs our aid.

Oh yes, a stormy day is terrible and a radiant day is pleasant. But love plus service can bring us inner sunshine. May we enjoy lots of it.

Friendship is a chain of gold,
Shaped in God's all-perfect mould
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,
A touch of the hand, a word of cheer.

(Contributed by Alice Richmond)

SOME PRAYERFUL POEMS by Gerald E. Mitchell

"LORD"

Lord, I have wrestled throughout the livelong night. Do not depart nor leave me thus in weary plight, broken in heart. Where shall I turn if thou shouldst go away and leave me here in this cold to stay? I have no other help. No food. No light. No hand to guide. The night is dark. My home is not in sight, the path untried. Dare not venture in the dark alone. I cannot find my way, if thou be gone. I cannot yet discern thee as thou art. More let me see. I cannot bear the thought that I must pass away from thee. I will not let thee go except thou bless. O, help me, Lord, in all my helplessness.

MY GOD I TRUST

The challenge has once more begun, and I will meet its thrust because my lips are blessed with prayer and in God I trust whatever comes to pass I know it's all for the best and with this thought in mind I strive to pass each mighty test. I force a smile where tears should flow. And when my luck runs low, I gain comfort from the Lord, who eases all my woe. And so I travel through this life of heartache and of pain with God to see me through when sunshine turns to rain.

I SLEEP

I sleep , and in sleep I dream of yesterday. Yesterday when roses bloomed and people smiled and the sun shone. Yesterday when I found and was loved and was happy. But I awaken to today, full of confusion and nothingness, and I pray for a tomorrow like yesterday.

REMEMBRANCE

Remembrance are happy things to be held in the palm of your hand, remembrance are lonely things to be mulled over when you are alone, the summer day you were kissed the first time, the feel of grass on your back, the smell of haze in the meadows, the

roses blooming in cluster. Remembrances are reminiscent of all the things you left behind when you grew up, dolls and trains and fire-engines and carriages. Remembrances are for lonely people who cannot accept who they are and who wish they could be what they were. Remembrance are for old people who have lived a good life and can now look back and remember and be happy, for they have lived and loved and lived and they are satisfied. . . .

WE THINK AND WE DO; WE DO AND WE BECOME

Carla Patsuris

The Centuries-past
Poured perfection
Into fruits;
Men pioneered with portentous meanings
Transmitting awareness of such glory revealed,
Now we pick clusters of grapes
And fill barrels
With wine-saps and greenings

Let us face it:
They were and we are
Yet none can minimize
The Creator's part
And in all that reasoning
Ignore the luxuries fulfilled
In verities to muse upon
And the workings of the heart.

THE ONLY WAY TO LOVE

Judy Delton

I NEVER could understand how anyone could question the reason for juvenile delinquency. The causes seem so obvious to me, so crystal-clear, that I put them forth at risk of oversimplification.

First and foremost comes family example. Children are a product of their environment. Don't expect your children to be what you are not. They are what you are, not what you pretend to be, not what you tell them to be.

A child does not inherit a bad temper from a father he has never known but from a mother—or someone—he lives with day by day. He is not often led astray by 'the wrong friends' (although it may be an easy escape to rationalize thus). Why did he choose these friends, to begin with? The trouble began way back. "If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn. If he lives with fairness, he learns justice. . . ." Attitudes are absorbed into a child's mind, the tabula rasa, like ink into a blotter. "If when grown my children stray, the fault somewhere within me lay."

After realizing the grave responsibility of family influence, I see three obvious necessities in successful child-rearing: 1) love, 2) discipline, and 3) stimulation.

1) As proved with children raised in institutions, a child cannot prosper and develop properly without love, unquestioning, unfailing, unqualified love. Love for what he is, not for what he does or does not do. He does not feel only the words of love, but senses the attitude of love, the attitude of trust—the knowledge that no matter what happens there is one or more who love him. A child without love is stunted in emotional growth as well as physical, and will turn to other sources for compensation.

2) Permissive love is selfish love. A child craves discipline. In a classroom children want quiet and order, and respect those who demand it. In the home children respect parents who are demanding of them. A child wants to know the limits—he begs you to say "stop" and mean it. It is no favor to the child to have

always to "think for himself." We live in a society necessarily governed by law and order. Our will is free to choose within these limits—to choose between goods. Children do not learn respect for others, for property, for law and order, anywhere but in the home. They are crying for help if we listen.

3) The old saying goes: An idle mind is the devil's workshop. If a child is exposed early enough to worthwhile pursuits and encouraged to take them up, habits are formed which challenge and stimulate for life. A busy child does not look for trouble. There are not enough hours in the day for those to whom everything is new and miraculous. This interest in life, in culture, in good, in nature, in books, in hobbies, in people, offers a lifetime so full that one of these really is in itself sufficient. When a child sees a parent's enthusiasm over a rock, a shell, or an eclipse, he is enthusiastic. When a parent spends a Sunday afternoon in a library or museum, the child wants this sort of culture, too. When a parent loves animals and sunsets and thunderstorms and all races of mankind, a child loves also. When a parent expects this of his child, he responds. There is no fooling a child. If your interests are not those you would admire in your child, don't be surprised when he does not live up to expectations.

Children must be encouraged, challenged, stimulated, exposed, praised. They cry to you for love and discipline. Don't disappoint them. Their whole future is in your hands. The responsibility is not in the school, the state, or elsewhere. It is in *you.* In the one who gave him life. The giving of life is not enough.

Is the task too great? Not when you consider the alternative.

CAIN SLEW
Ably
Now didn't he,
Without practice,
Or did he?

–Tom Perkins

THE FOREST WORLD

Gordon Shoemaker

The snake on the rock in the midst of the waters,
The dead bloated trout from the barb of the hook,
The duckling sucked under by the gullet of the fish,
The dream of the dance of death and disaster.

The owl on the post twisting its neck,
The squirrel on the limb chattering its teeth,
The bones of the deer whitening their sheen,
The pines breathing the graves of their needles.

PLEASE, LORD

Elma Scheel Bearss

I've let you down, Dear Lord. The gifts you gave
To me I've squandered. I have let them stray
Just as bright butterflies that rest on blooms
For one brief moment — then flit away.
Now I've come back to try to capture them,
With their wide sweep of glory and of power.
. . . But memory cannot recall the long
Lost music that I dreamed one silver hour.
Please help me find it ere life's day is done!
Just let the notes catch all the rainbow's glow,
As does a prism swaying in the sun.
Please give me one more chance before I go!

THE MOUNTAIN'S TEARS

A Story by Eleanor Ebersole

ONCE a mountain was split in half by a road. The mountain's beautiful layers of rock were exposed to weather and to the admiration of all who passed by. High above the trees still grew, and moss and grasses found a place for roots on many chiseled ledges. Birds made nests and mountain creatures found new homes.

Year by year the broken mountain survived, sometimes admiring itself, its soft ageless colors, and the added protection it was able to give to those who moved about. Each day that the sun was hot and bright, the mountain rocks dried out a bit while enjoying the penetrating heat. When rain fell, the mountain absorbed its moisture and did not mind that the waters carried away bits of brown and rose crushed stone. Even the violent storms that sent torrents rushing and moved much of the surface that the sun had warmed seemed rather adventuresome to the divided mountain.

But the cold made the mountain cry. All winter long, crystal tears flowed in frozen streams from its broken sides. The beauty of such tears was recognized far and wide, and many came to admire. No one brought a coat, though, or a cover, and all left for their homes at dark. And should they return again, they returned empty-handed.

The mountain continued to cry. Those who came to see it discovered that the houses they went home to seemed warmer. The mountain's tears thus became a solace they had never known before.

THE RIVER *Lillian Hammer*

The river floats,
Clear and cold —
Caught in the mystery
Between the past
And the future.

TRUE WEALTH

Martha Fowler Reichle

The eyes reveal the depth of soul;
Within them one may see
The leanness of man's spirit
Or its immensity.

A lean soul is starved, neglected,
Emotionless of mind;
Meditation feeds the spirit,
Shedding light for all mankind.

A great soul cannot be hidden;
True wealth shines as a star,
Pure heart and enlightened spirit
Together reach afar!

WHAT IS MEDITATION?

MEDITATION is really a pure and natural state in which the mind is silent. When the mind is calm and still, there is the blessing of true happiness, the beauty of divine radiation. Meditation is not the creation of the mind; it is something higher which elevates the mind to the spiritual plane. The beauty of meditation consists in comprehending the complexities of mind, and this clarity or illumination is the proper channel for communicating with the spiritual center, and to live in this center of spiritual liberation one must be in meditation. Meditative awareness makes us to receive the richness of divine grace, which brings refreshment and renewal of life. To be in the supreme state of super consciousness is the bliss of meditation.—*K.M.P.Mohamed Cassim*

THE WILL TO LIVE HAPPILY

Mrs Harris Lowery

DO you believe in miracles? Do you think that "the visible is merely the shadow of the invisible?"

In my forty years of teaching nearly two thousand students through two generations, I have observed wonders. Physical healing of diseases and crippled bodies overwhelms, but to see unfathomable heartbreak sublimated into unconfined joy awes beyond comprehension.

I witnessed the graduation of a straight-A student who could not write. When the principal awarded him a trophy for highest honors, it dropped to the floor because he could not hold it in his lap. In fact, he could not grasp a sheet of paper when he delivered a radio address for Florida Governor Farris Bryant on the educational bond issue, so he spoke calmly, "looking outward," without notes.

This same pupil gave a Shakespearean recital at the Palm Beach Theater, even though to memorize *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* the books had to be propped up on a rack nine inches from his eyes.

He corresponded with Presidents Johnson, Eisenhower, and other statesmen, but he dictated his letters to his mother while he lay immobile on his bed.

Have you slowed down to realize how blessed you are that you can feed yourself?

Are you thankful that you can see?

Can you walk?

My beloved grandson, David Harris DeBerry, was helpless from a forceps' injury at birth. A brain operation at Johns Hopkins when he was two years old, excruciating pain, and crushing disappointments could not defeat him.

Inability to skip or to play hide-and-seek during childhood, or later to accept five scholarships, or to write a nuclear physics theory, or to move his feet and head on the bed while he reclined flat on his back without a pillow in order to breathe, were insuperable obstacles which seemed only to empower him.

When David was five years old, he would sit on the lawn and clock his cousin Boo while his fleet playmate practiced running around the house. Later, when his ten-second cousin competed in contests, David also raced—though vicariously—as he yelled: "Go, Boo, go!"

Imagine having constant continuous double vision. Think of not being able to brush away a biting mosquito from your face, or to turn a page.

When David was a little boy, he asked eagerly, "Mother, if I am healed, do you think it would be all right for me to play football?"

But there was never the first complaint about anything. He cheered his husky, athletic friends from the sidelines, encased in a brace, unable even to clap his hands.

David prayed for these buddies, for relatives, for strangers, for everyone. We heard him whisper: "Thank Thee, Holy Father, for giving us so much of Your time."

After twenty-seven years of indescribable perseverance, David's triumph was revealed in his prayers. More than once he prayed these words: "Holy Father, if we thanked Thee every breath throughout eternity, we could never thank Thee enough."

That August day David said to his mother, sitting on the side of his bed, "Do you remember when I was a little boy, Mother, you said to me, 'David, if you are ever kidnaped, do not be afraid because the worst thing that can happen is death—and what would be more wonderful than to be with Jesus?'"

A few days later, David said, "Mother, if I should go to heaven with this sickness, please don't go into a depression."

The next night in the Palm Beach Hospital his parents were beside his bed. His mother prayed and then said, "Goodnight, angel, go to sleep in Jesus' arms."

David whispered, "Goodnight, dear." He went to sleep and to heaven—cerebral thrombosis.

I know that such inexplicable peace and joy are miracles.

If David could will himself to live happily, anyone can.

SAMSARA

Michael Northen

Gray-haired dandelion
Head translucent to the moon
Waits like father Abraham
For the scattering wind
To free its starry children
Into death distant fields.

THE CALM AFTER THE STORM

Michael Toryfter

The peace of God moved upon
The stormy waters of my soul,
And I became an ocean
Of tranquility.

THE MASTER SPEAKS

Helen Pisarelli Lombardi

The flame burning in every heart,
When fanned by the service of love,
Tempers the severity of the law,
Adding to the harmony from above.

Let not your hearts be troubled,
Just bring your burden to my cross,
The arms outstretched will embrace everyone,
Transmuting lives, guiding to the heavenly course.

EVEN UNTO THE END

"I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"

AS IT MUST to all men, death comes to each of us. We hear constantly of death around us, but this is the death of others. Only in certain stark moments do we realize that death is coming to us. Sometimes these moments are occasioned by illness, surgery, or mortal danger. Again they come as flashes of terror of the unknown. Suddenly we realize the enormity of the change, the loss of home, friends, family, garden fragrance, wind in the trees, surf on the beach--so many things we have found lovely and good. How can we face this?

There is a passage in *Pilgrim's Progress* which I have never heard mentioned in a sermon, and yet I believe holds a powerful and sustaining thought.

Near the end of Christian's long pilgrimage, he and his companion, Hopeful, come within sight of their dazzling goal. They see the palace of the King in the distance and know that a welcome awaits them, but with sudden dismay they find they must first cross a feirce, deep stream with no bridge. *Must* they cross it? Yes, they are told, and their hearts sink with fear. At this point Christian asks a perceptive question. Is the stream all of one depth? No, he is told. He would find the stream more or less deep as he had faith in the King.

With this encouragement, they step into the river, struggle desperately until Christian calls out, 'I see Him and He speaks to me and says 'when you pass through deep streams I will be with you.' "

With renewed strength they feel ground under their feet and come safely to the other shore.

John Bunyan's pilgrim discovered a great truth when he learned that the depth of the dark stream varies according to the traveler's faith in the King.

No man knows what lies beyond the deep stream, and it is human to fear what we do not know or understand. Yet for the person who has known the radiance of human love and the sustaining love of God, it is easy to believe that the Father will hold out a

guiding hand at the crossing.

Prayer: Help us to realize that death is a natural part of life, and with all the trust of a child in a loving father may we approach the outermost stream. In the name of Christ, who faced death calling on Thee. Amen. (Contributed by Doris E. Symmonds)

WAITING OUTSIDE

Clara Sargent Mainwaring

No sound (and every sound)
that day on the floor...
I waited impatiently, gaping
outside the door
where hovering doctor and nurse
in spotless white
cleaned his wounds, placed sutures—
sure and tight?

The round clock on the wall
ticked threateningly slow...
(If muted voices could not answer,
would I know?)

Unconscious of my torn clothes, of tears
I could not weep,
I saw her come with love-filled eyes
to bathe my muddy feet.

But more than my feet were cleansed
by her shining black hands—
no matter now the clock: I waited.
Love makes no demands.

GOD'S PEARLS OF SILVER

Carol Bennett

How far away the lightning?
Can you reach the count of ten
Before the crashing of the thunder?
How it rumbles end on end.

As a child I can remember
Silver raindrops as gleaming pearls,
Believing God, the rain's creator,
To be the richest of the worlds.

I could see the arms of heaven
Yawning wide from left to right,
Veins of levin, roaring thunder,
Pearls of silver in the night.

THINGS FRAGILE

Albert Jacobsen

Snowflakes that can't survive the heat of the sun,
Frail blossoms withering in the icy cold;
Christmas tree ornaments, thin gossamer,
Fine china, bric-a-brac, spun glass of old.

Eggshells of multitudes of feathered gems;
Moths, butterflies; a little avian sprite.
Hast ever held an injured, anguished bird,
So soft and warm with fluttering heart affright?

Some fragile things are quite intangible,
Like fleeting rainbows; dark clouds silver-lined;
And, when adversity beclouds our lives,
It sorely tries our faith and peace of mind.

PATHS TO GLORY

Arthur W. Muller

WE may never have travelled beyond the confines of our town or city, yet all of us have experienced some local tours during our lives. These short journeys have culminated in the acquisition of social esteem, knowledge, and entertainment.

The eight to twelve years of study during our childred and youth have rewarded us with a balanced education, well worth the effort of daily trips to and from the temples of learning. Even the few steps to the blackboard have led to the solution of problems.

Acknowledging that not all of us have risen to our desired heights in the business or professional world, many have progressed from humble positions to executive status. The road may not have been smooth, but the remuneration realized was the fulfillment of our struggles.

In the field of sports, if we were so inclined, a certain glorification in the attainment of our goals raised our spirits. Our laurels, professional or amateur, further stimulated our ambitions.

Moving through the portals of the theater, concert hall, and opera house, we graduated into the realm of artistic appreciation. Those balcony steps may have seemed very steep but the melodious voices brought contentment.

There was another aisle we proudly ascended, and that was on our wedding day. Amid the strains of the organ and the pealing bells we knew this venture was but a prelude to the paths awaiting us on our journey through life. With love, courage, and faith we mastered the difficulties to the best of our ability.

When we at last approach the spiritual road it will be lonely, but if our past accomplishments warrent a reward in eternity, the loneliness does not matter. What really is of the greatest concern is that we embark upon the path to the highest glory.

TEARS FALL

Ray Allen Albert

Tears fall upon my empty page.
I raise my eyes and pray,
"Dear God, help me to live
For You today."

ONLY

Florence Beck Unangst

I cannot know your Karmic debts,
Nor can you know mine,
For these secrets lie hidden
In the Mind Divine.
Yet complaining and leaning
Are not the soul's solution.
Only growing, learning, gleaning
Will bring our evolution.

POEM

Carol Adler

Ariosa Bells
Sepia
Moon-beams
An afternoon blanked by rain
and the mountains rising nowhere
The sound returns
The sound and silence Chimes

WALKING BY FAITH

Helen Gee Woods

THE old adage that "truth crushed to earth will rise again" has proven true for myself after years of despair and struggle.

A misdirected youth is a sense of feeling lost, lost to oneself and to one's fellowmen. Many symptoms of illness arise in this state of being—mainly of being hurt until a psychological wound filters deeply in the subconscious mind. The lack of strength to cope with the normal healthy person is apparently painful.

Being constantly faced with the challenge to overcome these obstacles—being meant, as it were, to rise above the environmental cause—and to claim selfhood again—created nothing less than a mountain to climb.

As an only girl and eldest in the family, I naturally was depended on by my mother for much help such as cooking and housework in general. At the age of twelve years, I began the task of making bread, pastry, and pudding, not to mention the fact that I must care for the youngest baby boy while my mother went into the hospital for major surgery several times.

After graduating from the grade school at fourteen, I began studies in a two-year college. I took Domestic Science (the most practical), music, theology, and dropped out of algebra for commercial arithmetic once I knew I would never be a good mathematician.

Becoming so frustrated, I almost lost love of self and for a time experienced the sordid and morbid inhibitions which were the opposite of my true nature. At the age of six, I was full of glee and rapture, especially when given a leading part in school plays.

One crisis after another beset me, but I never rebelled against working for a change, feeling that "nothing is good but change." My spirit began to lift above depression and discouragement, from shadow into the sunlight. I practiced looking up to the stars, hoping to find mine. Yet below there was a deep

abyss to be spanned, with no one to direct my path.

As I moved more freely among people, I walked by faith, praying an inner prayer constantly that all would come right, for many acquaintances of our little city were not so friendly, they appeared to look as Robert Browning says, "On things that take the eye and have the price. . . . " And as the strong people were given to crushing the weak, I turned my head and returned to the old wound in the heart.

Still yearning for a higher education but unable to leave home where I was much needed, I began a course of reading. From our public library I obtained the best books the librarian introduced me to—the ones I thought most suitable. The first two were by Henry C. Link, *The Return to Religion* and *The Rediscovery of Man*. These were studied well into the night, although to concentrate was painful with headache.

Other books I enjoyed were *Peace of Mind* by Joshua Leibman, *Whither Mankind* by Charles Austin Beard, and *My Mind A Kingdom* by George Thomas. I recall the latter author telling how he attained an education and perfected his writing in a household in which all its members were confined to wheelchairs.

Reading these books led me more into the light. I understood that if I must endure the anxiety of living in adversity I could still keep an open mind and eventually attain healthy mental habits.

Yielding to repentance and experiencing the At-One-Ment brought humility as well as the wonderment of Truth. This was a great transition to be made between the real and the unreal. False mental habits dropped off like a sackcloth, and I was rejoicing yet giving all the glory to our God.

Gradually, while release came from coercion, I experienced the New Birth by an almost unbearable illumination—an orange flame of long duration. I lived in a new world, with the sun more radiant than ever before since my early childhood and as outgoing with the knowledge that I must continue serving in whatever circumstance I would be called.

The gift of poetry came, and I began to write the ideas as emotion prompted; this I knew had therapeutic value. Being en-

couraged by those interested, I began to study poetics with some of the best instructors in the States, until now I have been a published poet and author for thirty-seven years. There are three poetry books of my own, one regional history of twenty-four chapters written as an autobiography.

In 1959, I founded the Idaho Poets' and Writers' Guild, editing its official publication *The Poets' Guild Quarterly* since that time. During these years I have edited and published three volumes of Idaho history, one to commemorate Idaho's centennial in 1963. Small books for members that I have edited and published total eleven in all.

Each day I thank the Lord for opportunities and for being able to rediscover myself—"Blessed is he who strives for a righteous goal, for by so doing can he be a dedicated craftsman in whatever field he may choose, and be about his Father's business." To this end life has brought me happiness—it does not come at once, but must be earned. It is a by-product of a peace of mind, of contentment, and of a love of self as well as of those in our society.

Almost from decay I became a new being realizing clearly the true from the false as I know night from day. The nuances pervaded my soul as a chemical transformation, and I was made whole! Again I was united with mankind and the universe.

THE STARS: TWO NIGHTS

Max S. Barker

at home:
the twilight is warm
because that star
is kissing the horizon's
cheek.

in Rome:
the twilight is cold
because brighter stars
decided not to
speak.

COVENANT LAMENT

Pollyanna Sedziol

Some of our fellowships, Lord,
have so tightly
dogmatized their structures
that You will have to
break a stained-glass window
to get inside
to care for Your children.
But please,
please do it soon. . .
we need You.

LETTER OF STARS

Jean M. Burroughs

In alphabet stars so dazzling bright,
a gloried, awesome, celestial sight,
God writes a letter to tell his love
with glittering penmanship above.

He strokes with pen of Orion's sword,
then scrolls across the heavens toward
Polaris to show with seemly grace
His steadfast, unchanging, loving face.

His constancy at night he pleads
in scripted stars to each who reads
His letter of love, so deep, so pure,
as long as earth and heavens endure.

Katherine B. March

SOMETHING strange occurred the other evening which made me stop to think. As a rule we human beings are easily discouraged, going around with long faces so that everyone knows we are in trouble of some kind. Yet it seems that those who suffer most generally complain the least.

I had been worrying about several things as I sat upon the park bench in New York City. Suddenly, looking up the avenue, I could see a man approaching. He was crippled and using crutches. It was a clear, quiet evening, and sounds carried far.

The man stopped now and then to lean heavily on the crutches. A groan, deep, agonizing, filled with pain and despair, seemed to come from his very soul. He swayed, then with an effort pulled himself together as he saw me and came on.

I could only gaze in wonder as he passed me. This little old man, crippled and in pain, marched past me like a martyr, singing this song:

"I was sinking deep in sin
Far from the peaceful shore
Very deeply stained within
Sinking to rise no more
But the Master of the sea
Heard my despairing cry
From the waters lifted me
Now safe am I.

Love lifted me, love lifted me,
When nothing else could help,
Love lifted me. . . ."

On he went, now humming, then singing his song. Weak of body, yet such strength of mind. How shamed I felt at my own weakness. What right had I to complain? Fretting and worrying

about every little thing, whereas this man whose every step was agony, suffering almost unbearable pain, did not want everyone to know his troubles. He sang as if he were the happiest man alive. In great pain but still praising his Maker.

How many of us could take life that way? Very few, I fear. That man's song and cheerfulness helped me. I am grateful to him. for he gave me a better outlook on life. No matter what happens—don't let it get you down. A smile or a little song can take you out of the deepest rut and place you in an atmosphere of hope and happiness.

A man's soul was bared before me. Pain had wracked his body, was on the verge of dragging him down. He struggled, and came up smiling and singing. It was beautiful. His pain and sorrow were forgotten.

It depends so much on ourselves, the frame of mind we find ourselves in. Surely if such a man can smile and sing, we whose troubles are much smaller can be cheerful, too. Spreading a smile here and there, dropping a cheery bit of song now and then or a kind word, brings so much sunshine into a life that needs it.

Worrying or whining does not help, it only tends to drag you lower into the depths of despondency. Why pull yourself down when you have the power to lift yourself to heights of happiness?

"What you are speaks so loud, I can't hear what you say." A dear Sunday-school teacher-friend of mine used to say that so often.

FOR A DOMINICAN BROTHER

Helen G. Jefferson

The chapel floor becomes for you
A monastery garden walk
On which to pace and meditate.
In your slow silences there grew
Rich truth that fruited in your talk
The ripened word for which we wait.

BOOKS by Bess Foster Smith

CONTEMPLATION is a state of mind needed to produce creative thoughts. The contemplation of life and all its wonders can bring forth the very highest forms of expression yet known to man-music, poetry, and art.

A brief contemplation of some of the words of the great and good souls who have gone before us could keep us from losing our way in these busy and confused times and might help us produce creative ideas of our own.

The composer Franz Liszt exclaimed, "What is our life but a series of preludes to that unknown song of which death strikes the first solemn note." Accordingly, he spent his life composing "preludes of heavenly music."

Edgar Allen Poe called it correspondence with heaven. He said, "It is that immortal instinct for the beautiful which makes us consider the world and its pageants as a glimpse of. . . a correspondence with heaven."

During periods of contemplation, the mind takes on its highest thoughts. It is as though it were opened into some secret passage between human knowledge and God. Sometimes we call it symbolism and sometimes we call it prayer. When we take the secret path, we are filled with new ideas.

Contemplation can evoke lots of shadowy associations that have been lying dormant in our minds just waiting to be expressed in some creative form. Kahlil Gibran said, "God has placed in each soul an apostle to lead us upon an illumined path, yet many seek life from without, unaware that it is there within them."

A modern poet, Amy Grant, recording moods, writes:

The crawling worm sees not
The glorious thing that flies above
On iridescent wings;

Nor can a man
Though he uplift his eyes, see
The wondrous thing that he may one day be.

This is an echo of the words of that 17th-century physician, Sir Thomas Browne, who, not content to cure the ills of the body, contemplated the soul of man in words that have lived through the centuries:

There is something in us
That can be without us,
And will be after us.

For though these walls of flesh
Must fall away to ashes,
I have observed the silkworm
Whose strange, mystical transmigrations
Have turned my philosophy to Divinity.

There is, in these works of nature
Which seem to puzzle reason,
Something Divine,
And hath more in it
Than the eye of common spectators
Doth discover.

There is no higher poetic expression of the wonders of life—of those everyday miracles that are happening all about us—than the words of Saint Gregory the Great recorded in his work, *Moralia,* admonishing us to think on these things lest we lose the capacity to be astonished by them:

He mixed the breath and the clay
By an unsearchable disposal of His might!
Yet we omit to admire his works!
They have become cheap from custom in the eyes of men.

Hence it comes to pass,
If a dead man is raised up into life
All spring up in astonishment!
Yet every day one that has had no being
Is born,
And no man wonders!

Because the dry rod of Aaron budded
All men are in astonishment
Yet every day a tree is produced from the dry earth
And the virtue residing in the dust is turned into wood
And no man wonders!

Because five thousand were filled with five loaves
All men are in astonishment
That the food should be multiplied in the teeth;
Every day the grains of seed
That are sown are multiplied in the fullness of ears
And no man wonders!

By habit they have become dull to the consideration
of them.
Was there anything of the kind perceived in the seed
When it was thrown into the ground?
What wonder then,
If that finest of dust
(From which man was made)
Be resolved into the elements (by death)?

Since we are reasonable beings
We ought to collect hope
Of our Resurrection
From contemplating the objects of nature.

CONTRIBUTOR'S NEW BOOK. *A Foreigner To Earth,* by Gloria A. Martin, well known to readers of this publication, has been printed by Blue Rain Press, a division of White Mountain Publishing House. Autographed copies are available (for $2.50) from the author, 829 Twenty-sixth Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501.

TAPES BY MILDRED LONG FOR SALE

Mildred Long, one of our Contributing Editors and a longtime favorite among our writers, has produced five cassettes on which she reads some of her best-loved essays and poems. Titles are as follows:

I. Side 1 — How To Relax Mind and Body
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HIS MARKS

Lillian Hammer

The man, like the leaves,
Becomes a part of the soil;
But the man leaves his marks
on the earth.

NOTICES & COMMENT

TRUSTEES MEET. On Tuesday, April 23, the Board of Trustees held its postponed annual meeting in the office of the Fellowship. At the long afternoon session, the following changes were voted:

New Trustees. Elected unanimously as new trustees and members of the corporation of Fellowship in Prayer, Inc., were Reuben L. Musey, of Hagerstown, Md., and Rabbi Samuel M. Silver, of Stamford, Conn.

Change in Officers. President Peter V. K. Funk was elected President Emeritus, a title he now shares with Dr. William Hung. Emily Sargent Councilman was elected a Vice President. Resignations were regretfully accepted from Mrs. Harriett Connor, Mrs. Ivan D. Houck, and Emmet J. Norton, S.J. Other changes are listed on the masthead that appears on the inside back cover of this issue.

25TH ANNIVERSARY TO BE OBSERVED. The Board of Trustees formulated its first plans for celebration of the Fellowship's

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twenty-fifth anniversary on June 5, 1975. It recommended that a committee be formed in New York City to work out details of the observance. (The first meeting of this committee was held the day after this recommendation was made.) And each member of the Board personally pledged to bring in twenty-five new members of the Fellowship during the anniversary year.

$25,000 GOAL SET. The Board also set a minimum goal of $25,000 to be raised during the anniversary year. It recommended that pledges be solicited from all members of the Fellowship. Below is a pledge-form for you to fill out and send in to the Fellowship office as soon as possible.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER is published six times a year (February, April, June, August, October, and December) at the rate of fifty cents per copy (thirty-five cents for a back copy)—three dollars per year (four dollars overseas). Special rates available for copies in quantity.

* *

Here is my pledge of $_____ to help celebrate the 25th anniversary of Fellowship in Prayer.

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